

-----  
Title: Seraphim History Bk. II

Author: Ian Fallenhope  
-----

As Rohans lessons of kindness and benevolence were well instilled in her, she gave away her last possession to a needy person at the east bank. Her horse was eagerly accepted, and with thanks being said, she continued her mission. Asking for a gate to the Daemon Temple on Fire Island, she went forth to the top of the temple, and committed suicide. The only way she knew could return her to the daemons she was taken by, and inevitably had been bound to. The loss grieved me deeply, and henceforth I swore to avenge her for their savagry, I vowed to make them my mortal enemy. So, in her undoing, she set herself free from this world, and set me into a mad fury of warfare upon their world. So having one less pupil on his hands Rohan spent his time perfecting his skill, and body, Terhan and I trudged along in ours, and the crusty old Doc, drank away his free time, when he had finished his work for the day. Devil was almost becoming her ambition of GM scribe as well, and she and Rohan could be seen atop the west bank in Britain, while he rested between hunts, and she perfected her skill. Soon they would be wed, and arrangements were in

preparation. Many times we spent with Traumstar perusing possible wedding locations. Each being carefully examined for beauty and safety of all guests. Rohan had grown fond of Traumstar as a sister-friend to himself. She, like Devil was an accomplished mage, and a daring adventurer for a woman. Her and her newly wed husband UOBoxtop, were often with us hunting, and many adventures were had, and some not ending very happily. The life of an adventurer is not always an easy one. With Sas gone, I myself spent more time in the woods learning the ways of the wisp, jotting down notes, and rememberring Sasche's account of an encounter she had had with one. I had spoke often to her about my initial research into wisps, and that they would show you things if they spoke to you. Or, lead you to hidden treasures, or reagents, and warn you about imminent dangers. She recounted to me that one day while in the eastern woods, a wisp spoke to her in their crackling tongue, and she replied to it in a few phrases that I had managed to gather. It then sped off in a seemingly direct path, not their usual meanderring they normally do, and she hastily followed. Whereupon it stopped abruptly, and spoke again. She poked around the area where it had led her, and discovered nothing, and said jokingly out loud, "Silly wisp!" at which, to her dismay (and mine), it replied to her in

plain human language, "Ugly Thee!". She was speechless! As I would have been, to be witness to that event, and taking no insult from the wisp, she bid it good day and went about her affairs. I then was even more curious about them after that, and spent many hours out taming keeping a close eye on them. Terhan also spent much of his time out there as well, and reported no incidents of that sort to me. Alas, I stray from the tale at hand. That was not the only thing Terhan witnessed either out in the woods. It was during one of his excursions out in those woods when he came across one of Devils sisters in the wood, accompanied by another fellow. The sister in question was similarly betrothed to one of our clan. He did the best he could to pass it off, and not show the hurt he felt. Bidding them farewell, he sought out Rohan as fast as could. Rohan hearing of this event was astounded, and shocked beyond all words. Being the trueheart that he is, he waited to speak to Devil and tried to reason out the situation. When after they spoke, and it was confirmed to be a truth, he got quiet. Very much an uncanny quiet, as I have ever witnessed Rohan to be. Several days passed in this quiet, and we all could see Rohan was struggling over something deep within his very heart. When at last he broke his silence, he quietly spoke, " We are

leaving this home now.  
Pack your things and we  
shall depart immediately"  
We all stood, stunned and  
amazed, and Terhan  
protested, but one glance  
from his older brothers  
eyes told him to stay his  
words further. We  
sullenly packed up our  
things and set forth to  
live at the various inns  
in town. So began our  
search for a new home.  
We pooled together our  
funds, and saw we were  
inadequately prepared to  
finance a home within our  
current means. Rohan  
took to hunting doubly,  
as was his normal, and  
we all did what we could.  
Finally a suitable house  
was found, but yet we  
still lacked the necessary  
means to outright  
purchase it. It was at  
this time Devil offered  
aid to help buy it. She  
felt horrible about the  
whole thing, and felt it  
was only right to make  
some amends for her  
sisters behalf. I was the  
only one capable of  
getting around the  
fastest in the world, and  
was entrusted the funds.  
We met the seller, and  
all went well. Shortly we  
were moved in and  
started making a new  
home for ourselves. The  
neighborhood was rough  
and wild, and many times,  
just coming home was a  
feat of survival. I now  
suppose, that was what  
we needed at the time.  
Rohan, once we were all  
settled in, hunted to pay  
back the loan, and soon  
it was paid in full. After  
which, Rohan collapsed,  
the loss of his beloved,  
the changing of  
households, and the great  
toils to repay the large

debt, had taken their toll  
on him. He was rarely  
seen again out in the  
world, for many months,  
and spent his time sitting  
quietly thinking,  
rememberring, wishing.  
Terhan was too youthful  
to take his brothers  
place as head of the  
household. Doc was too  
unsteady, and too insanely  
drunk most of the time  
to care, Sasche was  
strong enough at her  
peak, but, was no longer  
with us. So it fell to me  
to keep order among the  
clan. Being a father to  
Terhan, a disciplinarian to  
Doc, and a soother of  
woes for Rohan I began  
my ascent as Lord of  
the household. A trial by  
fire for unknown deeds  
yet to come, although I  
had no idea of these  
future events. Amidst  
the shadows of these  
darker days for the  
Seraphims, an old friend  
of mine came here from  
our homelands. Bruce  
Campbell, an unskilled  
mage, and aspiring  
treasure hunter, drawn by  
news of Rohans collapse,  
and the treasures of the  
new world here. Bruce  
was for me a blessing.  
Although Terhan and I  
were close, Terhan was  
off in a different world  
it seemed. Bruce was my  
confidante', and kept me  
from losing my hold on  
things. So our days  
passed, I waged my war  
on the daemons, Terhan  
walked aloof and free  
from responsibility in the  
woods, and Doc tried to  
stay sober long enough to  
attempt a business selling  
his scribed goods, and  
alchemical potions, which  
he finally Grandmastered.  
Bruce studied locks and

maps and masonry to  
compliment his  
abilities. About the time  
Bruce had come, Sam  
introduced me to one of  
his friends, a fellow by  
the name of Tragg, who  
also wished to be a  
tamer. Since mine was  
going along slowly, we  
teamed up and both had  
better success's in our  
skill. Tragg and I became  
good friends, as we all  
had become, as with Sam.  
Then one remarkable day,  
there was ill news, a  
"Call to Arms!" spread  
like wildfire throughout  
the lands, the Orcs were  
rousted from their lands  
and were staking claims  
all around Britania. Rohan  
got up, dressed into his  
armor, and prepared  
himself for battle! The  
old glint that used to  
flash in his eyes was no  
longer there, but, duty  
called and he knew he  
must face the challenge,  
it was in his blood. It  
was ingrained into every  
fibre of him. He  
answered the call of his  
Lord, and the principles  
of Valor, Honor,  
Compassion, Sacrifice he  
bore with him, into  
battle.